



Mama's New Man by CreativePunk77

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Summary: After experiencing a good day with his friends, Ben comes home to find one of his worst nightmares.

Mama's New Man

Old fic I dug up. This is probably terrible, but it was one of the first fics I ever wrote, and it was about four years ago. Any feedback is appreciated. Robbie is a character I just made up, to be Ben's mother's boyfriend and this would take place early summer.

MAMA'S NEW MAN

Ben Hanscom noticed that something was wrong straight away. The drive on the property where he lived with his Mama was always empty. Now, it wasn't. There was a 52 Ford parked at a slight angle. Its colour faded away into a rustic brown.

As he crossed the street, playing on the strings of his hoodie, a sense of dread filled him. *The driveway was always empty.* His Mama didn't drive, never had the time or money to learn and buy a car.

Traipsing up the steps of the porch, he scuffed his Keds, whilst rummaging around in the pockets of his shorts for his door keys. After locating them, he took a deep breath and entered the house.

"Mama?" He called out, dropping his keys into the bowl situated by the front door.

The response was the sound of giggling.

"Mama?" Ben called out again, drawn by the noise emerging from the living room.

He peered round the door cautiously, before blushing bright red and wheeling his head back, slamming it into the wall.

"Agh, son of a -"

"Benny, is that you?"

Rubbing his head, Ben stumbled into view, hovering in the doorway. A shy smile stretched across his round face as his mother came into

his vision.

"Hiya, Mama. Didn't mean to disturb you."

Wrapping the dressing gown firmly around her slender body, Arlene Hanscom ruffled her son's hair affectionately.

"You didn't, honey. I was about to go and call the police actually."

Glancing at the clock, Ben chewed his lip. "Sorry Mama, we lost track of time."

Arlene offered a warm smile. "I know you and your friends like to play, but just be aware of the time. I want you wearing your watch when you're out, Ben."

Ben pulled back the sleeve of his hoodie to reveal his late father's watch on his wrist. His mother nodded, before bursting into a fit of laughter.

Turning around, she swatted at the hand that had grabbed her arse.

"Robbie, stop it! Not in front of Ben."

"Oh come on Arl, I bet the kid's seen worse." Replied the blond haired man lazing on the couch.

Upon seeing this mysterious figure, Ben narrowed his eyes. This guy was undoubtedly the owner of the car, but what he was to Ben's mother was not so obvious.

Arlene Hanscom noticed her only son staring at the figure so she yanked Robbie to his feet and introduced him.

"Benny, this is Robert Black. He's going to be around here quite often."

Robbie smirked. "Yeah and might pull a few all-nighters while we're at it." Before catching Arlene's lips into a sensual kiss.

Ben staggered back and gasped. The pair broke apart. Robbie raising an eyebrow and Arlene crouching down, concern etched onto her

face.

"Benny, what is it?"

Ben pointed a finger at the man and spat. "Is he your *boyfriend*?"

Arlene held her son's arms gently and whispered: "Yes."

Ben lowered his arm and shook his head.

"I-I don't... What?... *But what about Daddy?!*"

Silence filled the room. Robbie shuffled his feet awkwardly as mother and son gazed at each other.

Arlene began rubbing her son's arms. "We'll visit Daddy tomorrow."

Ben wrenched himself out of his mother's grip. "NO! I'm not talking about that! I mean, how could you do that to him?! How could you have sex with this *slimeball* when there's a picture of Daddy right next to you!"

The boy indicated to the photograph of Benjamin Hanscom Senior, clad in army uniform, days before he was shot down.

Arlene Hanscom straightened up. "Benny! Don't ever say that again!"

Ben threw his arms up, exasperated. "What?! That you're betraying Daddy by letting a sleazy creep screw you? Well, it's the tr-"

"**BENJAMIN, YOUR FATHER IS DEAD!**"

Ben stopped dead in his tracks. "W-What?" He sputtered.

Arlene Hanscom panted, her face flamed red.

"Your father is *dead*, Ben, and he's not coming back. We can't keep living like this! We have to move on, he would have wanted us too."

Suddenly, Ben clapped his hands over his ears. "NO!" He ran off to his bedroom and slammed the door in his mother's enraged face.

He began to stuff clothes into a night bag as his mother pounded on

the door.

"Benjamin Hanscom Junior! Open this door right now!"

After finishing packing his bag, he yanked the door open and stormed past his mother.

Snatching up his keys from the bowl, he opened the front door.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?!"

Ben whirled round to face his mother. "Seeing as how you and *your boyfriend* are going to be banging each other tonight, I'm going to sleep over at the Denborough's."

Arlene crossed her arms. "Benny! The curfew!"

Ben sighed, the rare flash of anger fading. "I'll be careful Mama, I promise. I'll phone you when I get there."

Robbie sidled up to Arlene and put an arm around her waist.

"I can drive you there, Son."

Ben raised his eyebrows. "No thanks." He stated coolly. He stepped out into the early evening. "And don't ever call me 'Son.'

Ben's face softened as he glanced at his mother. "I love you."

On that note, Ben Hanscom shut the door, slung the night bag over his shoulder and made his way to the Denborough residence.

Ignoring the laughter from the drain all the way.